



The Gateway



VOL. XXVI, No. 16.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1935

FOUR PAGES

HORACE CELEBRATION IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY

Communist Club Authorized For Toronto Varsity Campus; Tim Buck Speaker

Dr. Wallace Thinks Political Clubs Out of Question for Alberta Campus

LAUDS POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB

An experiment which will be watched with interest by Canadian universities is the newly-formed Communist Club in the University of Toronto. Dr. H. J. Cody, President of the University, in speaking of the formation of the club, said:

"I think we have adopted the wisest course. What the students resent most is to be treated as children. As long as they abide by the regulations, we shall not interfere with them. I may say that I am convinced that the students as a whole are level-headed, and we have not a single 'red' professor on the staff."

Perhaps the most startling announcement was that the first speaker to address the newly-formed club would be Tim Buck, Communist leader. This announcement resulted in an official of the University being called into conference with the Ontario Minister of Education, Dr. L. J. Simpson and his deputy, Dr. Duncan M. Aitken. Dr. Simpson and other cabinet members viewed the announcement with reticence, and it was said that particular interest had been aroused by the fact that the Communist leader was to speak in a University building, the Women's Union, which borders the campus.

Permission Granted

Permission, however, was granted to the club to have Tim Buck as their first speaker, and officials and students are awaiting the occasion and possibly the developments with keen interest.

Dr. R. C. Wallace, President of the University of Alberta, when approached by The Gateway concerning his attitude on the formation of a Communist Club on the University of Toronto campus, stated that Dr. Cody, President of that institution, no doubt has taken a proper attitude as he saw the situation.

No Political Clubs on Campus—Wallace

Dr. Wallace did not advocate the establishment of any political clubs on the campus, as the membership of such clubs would tend to be restricted, and the organization would tend to be a closed one.

He felt that in the student years of a young person, that person should be able to examine impartially all political philosophies in order to formulate a later opinion.

Political Science Club Lauded

The President lauded the Political Science Club as an organization whereby speakers for all political doctrines could expound their theories to an impartial audience.

WORK PROCEEDS ON THE GATEWAY NEWS BROADCAST

Campus News May Be Aired Over Foothills Network of Stations

No definite decision has as yet been made as to whether or not a news broadcast of current campus news will take the air over the Foothills Network.

Sample broadcasts are being prepared by Larry Alexander, and it is expected that a test program will be broadcast some time this week in order to test the public reaction to such a venture.

If the broadcasts materialize they will mark a definite innovation, nothing along this line having, it is believed, ever been tried before in this country.

In addition to giving news commentaries on campus happenings, news of all sporting events will be carried.

More developments are expected shortly.

PERISCOPE

Tuesday, Dec. 10—Hockey Game, Vegreville vs. Varsity, 8:30 p.m., Varsity rink. Architectural Students' Club, Arts 111, 4:30 p.m.

Wednesday, Dec. 11—Gateway Staff Meeting, St. Joe's Tuck. Speaker, J. S. Cowper, 4:30. Philosophical Society, Convocation Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Saturday, Dec. 21—First day Xmas vacation.

Friday, Jan. 3—Lectures resume.

Sask. Student Council Gives no Cause as Move To Kill C.O.T.C. Withdrawn

BY BILL KINSMAN

Gateway Inter-Varsity News Service

UNIV. OF SASKATCHEWAN, Dec. 6.—At a special meeting Friday afternoon, the Students' Representative Council of the University of Saskatchewan rescinded a resolution which they had passed at a regular meeting on Monday afternoon. The resolution urged the separation of the Canadian Officers Training Corps or any military organization from university life, and asked that the money saved be devoted to university scholarships.

The resolution was originally passed as part of the special instructions to the Saskatchewan S.R.C. representative to be presented by him on behalf of the Council to the meeting of the N.F.C.U.S. which will be held in Kingston on December 26. It is understood that the question of military organizations in connection with universities will be raised at that conference. The delegate will be Jack Jones, President of the S.R.C. here.

The reason for the withdrawal of the resolution was given as misinterpretations placed on it by the local daily press. The Saskatoon Star-Phoenix published the story of the resolution as supporting the editor of the University's weekly paper in the recent controversy over editorial comments appearing in The Sheaf. A second resolution modifying the statement of the first was defeated by the Council after considerable discussion.

It is rumored that the sudden right-about face was due to pressure from authorities. Although no definite statement was made at the Council meeting, which was closed to the press, it has been suggested that the Council rescinded its own motion because its own existence was endangered. The motion in question was passed on Monday of the same week as a resolution requesting the government to remove C.O.T.C. units, wherever possible, from universities to downtown military units, and to apply the savings effected to scholarships.

It is understood that no specific facts were mentioned by the president, Jack Jones, other than that the resolution as worded was too vague for him to interpret. No member of the Council has as yet offered students any adequate reason for the sudden reversal.

The University of Saskatchewan student paper, The Sheaf, has during the fall term engaged in a campaign against militarism and nationalism. Certain statements were taken exception to by the Canadian Legion, although that organization was never mentioned in the articles cited. Considerable controversy raged for some

weeks over their allegedly seditious nature, and complaints were laid before the attorney-general. The latest report is a letter from an ex-servicemen's forum in Windsor, Ont., to the Editor of The Sheaf, endorsing the policy of The Sheaf in full.

The possibility of an attempt to form a Western Branch of the National Federation of Canadian University Students has been announced. At present the organization is national in character and meets every two years. The Saskatchewan delegate to the N.F.C.U.S. conference in Kingston at the end of this month has been asked to interview the delegates from other western provinces to ascertain their views on the formation of a western branch, which would meet yearly.

Dean A. M. Shaw, head of the Faculty of Agriculture at the University of Saskatchewan, has been appointed one of the three members of the new Canadian Wheat Board. He will be granted leave of absence for the period of the board's operation. Dean Shaw was appointed professor of animal husbandry at this University in 1913, and became Dean of the College of Agriculture in 1930. Born in Niagara Falls, Ont., he graduated from the Guelph Agricultural College. For some years he has been identified with agricultural research undertaken by the National Research Council. He is also a recognized authority on agricultural economics.

The final social event of the fall term was held tonight in Convocation Hall. The Annual Farewell Dance, created as a gesture to those who graduate at Christmas, is held on the last Friday before examinations. About 200 students attended the function. Decorations were novel and appropriate.

Examinations begin here on Thursday, December 12, with a full slate of papers. Over 450 students will write their first exam in the Christmas set at 9 a.m. in the drafting room on the top floor of the Engineering Building. Another 300 will write in the top floor of the Field Husbandry Building, or in Convocation Hall. The last lectures will be given on Monday afternoon.

ALUMNI REUNION

A Reunion Dinner of the Edmonton Branch of the University of Alberta Alumni Association will be held Tuesday evening, Dec. 10, at 7:00 p.m. The main speaker will be Mr. E. A. Corbett, director of the Department of Extension.

Instructor C.O.T.C. Globe Trotter

Sergt.-Major Evans Military Man Since Youth—Boasts Adventurous and Checkered Career in Distant Parts of the World

By Don H. McIntyre

Attached to the bodyguard of General Allenby; Field Marshal Plumer; Lord Balfour; the Governor-General of the Sudan, Sir Geoffrey Archer and others in Palestine, awarded the Military Cross and Bar, a member of the Auxiliary Force of the Royal Irish Constabulary—these were the interesting and varied experiences of Sergeant-Major Evans, instructor of the local C.O.T.C. unit.

When war broke out in 1914 Sergt.-Major Evans was a member of the Welsh Territorials. In the same year he took a course in the O.T.C. at Oxford University and was granted a commission in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Transferred to Machine Guns

In 1915 Evans was transferred to the Imperial Machine Gun Corps, and was shipped to France in the 18th Imperial Division, where he commanded a machine gun company, and in the Somme in '16 was awarded the Military Cross—a bar was added in the Second Battle of Ypres, 1917. Despatches twice mentioned Evans.

The armistice saw him still in service. About 1918 he was transferred to the London Division, which went to Germany and remained in occupation until 1920.

Poiced Ireland

In October of the same year, 1920, his service in the Auxiliary Division of the Royal Irish Constabulary began. This organization was engaged in policing the south of Ireland until it gained its independence in January, 1922. Sergt.-Major Evans was attached to the famous Flying Column (headquarters at Dublin), nicknamed the Black and Tans, whose duty was to leave at a moment's notice for parts where trouble was brewing and bloodshed was imminent between Sein Feinners and police.

The service took the form of guerilla warfare, and since the police were outnumbered the whole south was under martial law. The group was composed of eight companies of ex-British officers stationed throughout the south.

Palestine Next

In February, 1922, Mr. Evans was sent to Palestine with the British Joint Army on a work of a semi-military nature. They rounded up bandits and kept the Jews and Arabs from each other's throats.

It seems that the festivals, where feeling and excitement ran high, were veritable powder-kegs; and in Evans' opinion, without British intervention, a twelvemonth would see the death of every Jew in Palestine. Sergt.-Major Evans reminisced at some length on life in the East and the situations there, but asked not to be quoted.

Scotland Yard Now

April, 1926, found Evans back home in London engaged in subduing the General Strike that had tied up the Island. At this time he was with the plain-clothes division of the Metropolitan Police attached to Scotland Yard. The strike commenced on May 26 and lasted for eight days—broken finally by volunteers, who ran the railroads and kept things moving. The Government had to issue a daily Bulletin and a daily three-hour news broadcast.

Comes to Canada

Now a Sergeant-Major, Evans came to Canada in '26, joining the P.P.C.L.I. (Princess Pat's Canadian Light Infantry to the uninitiated). Since then he has been instructor in Western Canada, and for the last six years has been the C.O.T.C. instructor in this University.

Memory of Famous Roman Poet Honoured by Original Hardy Presentation

"Pig of Epicurus" Written Especially for Occasion—Quartet and Octette Sing Horace Odes

PRESIDENT WALLACE PRESIDES

CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF THE GATEWAY TO BE MASTERPIECE

Twelve Pages Printed on Special Paper to Be Only Few of Features

The gigantic Christmas issue of The Gateway will make its appearance on Wednesday, Dec. 18. This edition will be much the same as the corresponding one last year, which was one of the most successful ever put out in this University.

The edition will be printed on a special grade of superfine paper, and will contain many expensive cuts and new features as yet unattempted in college newspapers.

In preparation for this issue there will be no further editions following this one until the Christmas number. Staffs of both the Tuesday and Friday papers will combine for this issue, assuring readers of a capably edited and well written newspaper.

It will contain either 10 or 12 pages, depending on the amount of advertising available. The advertising staffs are at present working overtime in order to fill the paper with many outstanding and interesting ads.

BLESS MY SOUL!

As a result of an order-in-council passed by the Students' Council at the meeting in St. Joseph's College last Wednesday, both the Rally and Student Extension Departments will henceforth be known to humanity by new names. The Rally Department will henceforth be known as the Publicity Department, and the Extension Department as the Publication Relations Department. (More later.)

ROVER CREW NEW ADDITION CAMPUS LIFE

Senior Scouts Band Together to Form Newest Campus Group

This fall has seen a greater influx of students wearing the badge of the Boy Scout Association on the campus than ever before. Early in November a general invitation was issued by the 6th Edmonton Rover Crew to all Rovers and Scouters from out of town to visit them. Commissioner Wilf Backman did the honors with moving pictures of Alberta scouting.

The idea of a University Crew was broached, with the result that shortly after a Crew did form. Some six or eight members already belong. How is that for a boost to Baden Powell in the midst of student life?

FAMED COLUMNIST GATEWAY GUEST

Mr. J. S. Cowper, one of the best known columnists in Western Canada, and well known journalist in the employ of the Edmonton Bulletin, will be the guest speaker at The Gateway staff meeting Wednesday afternoon in St. Joe's Tuck at 4:30 p.m.

Mr. Cowper will speak on some phase of newspaper life and activity.

Only members of The Gateway with staff membership cards will be admitted. Membership cards are obtainable from editors.

Oliver Tomkins, editor-in-chief, will act as chairman.

STUDENT ART EXHIBIT

An exhibition of student drawings done by students of the Institute of Technology and Art of Calgary is at present on view in the second floor, Arts rotunda. They are extremely well done and cover a wide range of subjects. Treatment is excellent.

LOST

A plain gold wrist watch. Phone 3144.

On Monday evening the Bimillenary Celebration of the birth of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or as he is more commonly known, Horace, was held in Convocation Hall. The birth of Horace on that day was honored over the world by his admirers.

President Wallace opened the program with a short address. He showed Horace as a simple man who enjoyed the life on his Sabine farm, but whose delineation of the commonplace in life won for him the love and appreciation of many.

A quartette under the direction of Professor Nichols sang Horace, Odes 1, 22: Integer vitae scelerisque purus. This was followed by a dramatic sketch composed expressly for the occasion by Professor W. G. Hardy and directed by Mrs. Elizabeth Sterling Haynes. The sketch, "The Pig of Epicurus," is staged in the year 29 B.C., in the thirty-ninth year of Horace. Augustus is contemplating the celebration of his becoming the sole overlord of the Roman Empire. His prime minister, Maecenas, who is Horace's patron, has been instructed to obtain from Horace an ode suitable for the occasion.

Horace finds himself incapable of producing Odes to order, and refuses to write anything, thus incurring the displeasure of Maecenas and losing his farm. He saves the situation by producing an Ode to Terentia, the wife of Maecenas, dealing with her charms and her complete control of Maecenas. Terentia is greatly flattered, and undertakes to use her influence over Augustus on behalf of Horace, thus proving that though the times may have changed greatly, woman and her influence over the poor male has changed very little.

Professor W. H. Alexander delivered the Bimillenary Lecture: Aurea Mediocritas. Professor Alexander felt that the present attitude of taking Horace seriously would have both amused and exasperated him. Horace's works should be read and enjoyed with laughter, not solemnly intoned as a psalm. His view of life was humanistic. As a moralist, he is often most immoral, but he is not immoral in the sense of General Bangs in Kipling's "Code of Morals." He was an ideal club man, a mild conservative and a great lover of wine, women and song.

He was not a great imaginative or creative poet, but he did have a marvelous technique. His great popularity lay in his beautifully written and unusually finished verse. He dealt with the commonplace, never plumbing any vast depths. He is cherished because he has beautified the commonplace, thus the title of the lecture: Aurea Mediocritas, "Golden Mediocrity." In his personal appearance Horace was entirely ordinary. He was short of stature, and in middle-age was prematurely grey and decidedly stout. But if Horace was mediocre, his mediocrity was golden, not gilded, as it so often is.

The octette under the direction of Professor Nichols sang Horace, the Carmen Saeculare in part, originally intended to be sung at the Secular Games at Rome in 17 B.C.

LOST

A pair of horn-rimmed glasses on Saturday morning between 9:30 and 10:30 a.m., in front of Algonquin Apts., 88th Ave. Finder please Phone 32295. Reward.

I SAW THIS WEEK

Harper Prowse and Oliver Tomkins holding a mutual commiseration meeting in St. Joe's Tuck Tuesday morning.

Several Students wandering around the Convocation Hall stage in exaggerated bath-robes Monday evening.

Larry Alexander's green saloon car outside the Phi Delta house Sunday night.

Several members of the C.O.T.C. wondering what it would feel like to be abolished.

Jack Convey leaving the Physics Department on his way to a show, alone (?).

Frank Swanson worrying over his new responsibilities.

Jack Stewart chuckling quietly to himself over a particularly miserable joke in Casserole.

Frank Swanson worrying for fear the Tuesday issue will not come out on Tuesday.

Cadet Van Camp feeling glad he got pants back for C.O.T.C. parades.

Frank Swanson worrying.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published Twice Weekly
by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32028.

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Features	Dorothy Howe
Casserole	Jack Stewart
Women's Editor	Joan Mayhew
Sports Editor	Hugh John MacDonald
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Inter-Varsity	L. L. Alexander

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Advertising Manager	Donald S. Waters
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COMMUNISTS ON THE CAMPUS

The formation of a Communist Club at the University of Toronto is at present causing quite a furor on the campus there. The formation of the club was merely the beginning, the climax came when permission was requested to extend an invitation to Tim Buck, Dominion Communist leader, to address the first meeting. The permission was granted, and the prominent Communist is to speak in the Women's Union Building on the campus.

The decision was made only after considerable reflection. The conclusion was arrived at, rightly enough, that the student body as a whole was capable of doing its own thinking, and therefore those who were present to hear the fiery orator would not be influenced by his speech.

But the University authorities, influenced by the ideas of freedom of speech and student thinking, displayed an alarming ignorance of the policies and methods of the Communist Party. The Communist Party only recently adopted a constitutional means to effect the governmental and economic changes which it advocates, and adopted that measure merely as a cloak to cover their activities and bring them within Section 98 of the Canadian Criminal Code.

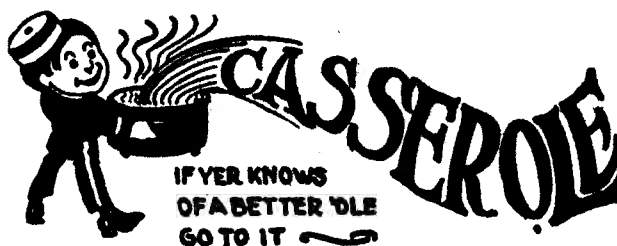
The methods adopted by Communist groups throughout the world are thoroughly despicable. Their primary activity in this country is among children through the organization known as the Young Communist League. Children as soon as they are able to talk and even before school age are taken into membership, and their immature minds are filled with the Communist ideas and hate for the British people and their political and economic system. The results are surprising.

The student League of Canada is organized to perform the same mission among high schools and university students in the Dominion. We received a copy of their official publication, *The Student*, recently, which contained a warning of their ambition to establish branches at all the universities in Canada. The people of our great republic to the south were thoroughly aroused a few months ago when a gentleman named Bedford-Jones published an article in *Liberty* thoroughly criticizing the American college authorities for their laxity in allowing such organizations to creep on to their campuses. He complained that his seventeen-year-old daughter had fallen into the clutches of the Communist Party. A millionaire drug store magnate in America recently took his daughter out of a large university in Illinois for the same reason. Although it is the fondest boast of all undergraduates that they are capable of thinking for themselves, it is needless to point out that there are many exceptions.

That the activities of the Communist Party are also revolutionary has been demonstrated in every country of the world. In San Francisco a year ago the shipping industry was tied up by a longshoremen's strike. It was quite obviously the work of red agitators. Whether the reds organized the strike or whether they took over after it was organized, is a question. Both methods are equally efficient in carrying out the Communist policies. It provided a good kick in the shins of a great nation. The promotion of industrial disturbances becomes very annoying to a national government, and by championing the cause of the workers the reds rally increased support around their banner.

We have seen the same methods in use here in Canada. The On-to-Ottawa Trek, which culminated in the Dominion Day celebration in Regina last year, was organized and promoted by the Communist Party with a three-fold purpose in view, gaining support for the party by championing the cause of the men in relief camps, disturbance for the purpose of annoying governmental authorities, and still further their object was to cause such a stir in the minds of the people of Canada that they would go to the polls in the approaching federal election and defeat the government. They themselves lovingly referred to Bennett as "the man with the iron heel." They alone of the mass of the populace of Canada were aware of the fact Bennett possessed more information respecting their activities than any other person in the country, and they were aware from past experience that he had the strength and courage to deal with them in the manner which they deserved.

And now this creeping octopus is seeking to extend an arm into the nation's institutions of learning in the hope that it can attract some of us to its banner to assist in carrying on its slimy activities.



Why They Want Relief

Relief officers have their troubles, and not the least is trying to figure out what some of the applicants really mean when they write in to relate their troubles. An exchange states that the following is an actual list of remarks received in one office in the United States:

"I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why it is?"

"Sirs: I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children, one of which is a mistake, you can see."

"Please find out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with now won't eat anything or do anything until he knows."

"I am very much annoyed to find that you have branded my oldest boy as illiterate. This is a dirty lie, as I am married to his father."

"I have no children yet. My husband is a bus driver, and meets the night trains."

—The Carbon Chronicle.

Scott—I hear that snake-charming is very fascinating. Stark—Oh, I don't know. I knew a fella once who found it very, very tiresome. In fact, he was practically boated to death."

The latest from California states that a sign on the Sheriff's door read: "Be back in two hours—out to lynch."

The unluckiest man in the world: A seask man with lock-jaw.

A sarcastic columnist states that the era of the dime novel is gone—it now sells for one dollar and ninety cents more.

We can at least console ourselves with the thought that we stand to lose little with the new Government. We didn't have anything before the election either.

"How did you find your steak, sir?" asked the proprietor.

Whiteside—Just plain luck. I happened to move that small piece of potato, and there it was.

Al Macdonald, while at a party recently, was requested by the hostess to sing. Al, of course, objected, on the grounds that he would disturb the neighbors.

"Not at all," replied his hostess, beaming. "Besides, they poisoned our dog last week."

Points of View

An Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Pole and a Russian are each writing a paper on "The Elephant." Each was allowed to treat the subject as he liked best.

The Englishman presented a volume of "Memoirs of an Elephant Hunter."

The Frenchman brought a sensational report on "The Loves of the Elephant."

The German presented 300 pages with the title, "Introduction to the Study of the Rhythmic Movement of the Elephant's Trunk."

The Pole wrote an article on "The Elephant and the Polish Question."

The skeptical Russian began with the words: "Does the Elephant Exist?"—Vendemiare, Paris.

"I ain't 'ad a bite fer days," said a tramp to the lady of the George and Dragon. "D'yer think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and he slouched off; but a few minutes later he was back.

"What do you want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I have a few words with George?" inquired the tramp.

Hint to Engineers

"Weight put on by over-indulgence in malted liquors can be taken off by a series of reducing exercises," says a doctor. "Move the head firmly from side to side when somebody suggests another half-pint."

Two fleas retired and bought themselves a dog. Itch a great life!

Freshman—Say, Tony, what have got in those bags? Whiteside—My knees.

About two weeks ago we told you about the chap that built his house without any exits and entrances. Member? Well, some kind soul has provided the writer with a sequel, and touching it is.

It seems that another enterprising gentleman, presumably Irish, built a house around himself, and forgot to leave himself any exit in the form of doors or windows. Can you imagine how he did get out eventually? No? Well, I hate to say it, but he broke out with scarlet fever.

By the way, what has become of Little Audrey? Apparently she has laughed us.

The hockey team, by special request, are going to be out en masse for the ping-pong tournament.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to express to you a few thoughts in regard to the Tuesday, December 3rd, edition of The Gateway.

This edition in my opinion is one of the weakest expressions of those individuals who have been dictating the policy of your paper for this edition during the present session. The Gateway should express the opinion of the student body as a whole, and not the opinion of a few biased individuals who have no conception of what constitutes news.

It seems to me when a member of the faculty condescends to criticize the efforts of the Dramatic Club, one of our leading student organizations, the least courtesy which could be shown him would be the publication of his article.

It is a most regrettable fact that the activities of some of our strongest clubs lack any publicity. In this, I refer to the meetings of the Engineers, Law Society and Pharmacy Club. The omission of the report of such an event as the Musical Club from the Tuesday edition seems very neglectful. Instead, there appears a jumbled mass of meaningless prattle purporting to pertain to the Varsity Rink, and also a vast amount of meaningless jargon concerning the Freshmen sleigh ride. In the Tuesday edition the Sports Editor missed three articles which were carried by overtown newspapers. Surely The Gateway can keep in touch with Varsity sports as well as these overtown newspapers.

In this edition the editorial writer complains of the insult that has been handed the Students' Council, and in the same issue appears, under "We Wonder" column, several personal insults.

When the editor of this edition chooses to fill the paper with destructive and personal remarks instead of constructive and impersonal articles, it is time the policy of such a paper was changed.

If such childish and infantile piffle is allowed to continue, I feel sure I am not alone in expressing the fear that The Gateway will be very soon relegated to the level of a high school publication.

PRO BONO UNIVERSITATIS.

University Campus,
Dec. 7, 1935.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I am inclined to agree with you, Mr. Editor, there are around this campus lily-livered pacifists—by that I mean cowards. I don't like choosing nice phrases when I speak of them; they are cowards, and cowards of the lowest form. Why do I say that? For the simple reason that they have not the courage of their convictions. As soon as the band plays and the soldiers start to march, they simply change their tune, join the army and away they go.

The reason they change their ideas is because they do not desire to lose their best friends; they do not desire to have a white feather stuck on their coats by a honest goli. They don't want to be considered a crawling snake.

No! They would sooner face the guns of foes than the biting words of friends. A man likes to be a hero in the eyes of the populace and not called a traitor, a white lily-livered skunk.

You know, Mr. Editor, it is such a pleasant thing to walk down the street and have people holler out at you, "Lily-liver! Coward! Traitor!" It is such a pleasant thing to have to scurry down back alleys in fear of being seen. It is such a pleasant thing to be the target for rotten tomatoes and eggs. Yes, and greatest of all pleasures come when you best girl comes up to you and says, "Sonny boy, here is a nice little white feather to wear in remembrance of me; I've got a new boy friend now; he's in the army."

Oh, the glory of it all! The great feeling it gives one to have such scorn cast upon him!

The wise man will join the army; he will get a bright uniform, he will be lauded for killing his fellow-man. Kings will pin medals on him, he will be a hero, acclaimed by thousands of people, the object of worship for women. It is easy to join the army when the band plays and the bright uniforms call.

How about it, Mr. Editor—would you be a true pacifist when the band played or would you be the hero? Ninety-nine chances out of ninety-nine chances you would be a hero. I don't blame you a bit.

So much for the pacifist and the lily-livered pacifist. Now for the C.O.T.C. The question is not an important one. It has always been my personal belief that if an organization is detrimental to society it will eventually die, so why worry about the C.O.T.C.? If war is a necessary part of society, let us not abolish C.O.T.C.; let us change society. If people get pleasure from their uniforms and the idea of being a hero, let them go ahead.

That is why I was quoted as saying, "I don't give two hoots in hell for the C.O.T.C." Because in my mind there are more important things in life than trying to abolish something which will eventually disappear. Why work to kill something? Why not work to bring about the existence of something vital?

C. K. HURST.

HE DOESN'T READ THE EDITORIALS

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—My I use a little space in your most valuable paper to give vent to my restrained feelings. I noticed first, a petition to abolish the Students' Union. Of this petition I took very little notice. Now I see another question arise, "Abolish the C.O.T.C." Sir, be careful; there may be next a petition to abolish The Gateway. However, the point I wish to make is that there has never yet appeared in your columns an article on reconstruction, either from the Students' Council or from individual students. I am sure that there are students upon our campus who have suggestions for a constructive character, but for some unknown reason refrain from putting them forward. It is high time the word "abolish" was replaced by the word

CORRESPONDENCE

"construct," and the Students' Council might take for their motto one word, "Rejuvenation."

HARRY CUMMINS.

10015 85th Ave.

10164 119th St.,
Edmonton, Alta.,
December 7, 1935.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In an editorial of last Friday you object to periodical attacks on the C.O.T.C. by certain lily-livered pacifists, and come out strongly in favor of leaving the C.O.T.C. alone so that it may accomplish its "purpose."

Your editorial would seem to suggest two "purposes," the first being that the students who join the C.O.T.C. are seriously thinking of the army as a career. How silly! If I was benighted enough to wish a "career" in the army so that I would become a burden to my country as an army figurehead, it would be only sensible for me to go direct to the best available institution that offered the kind of training I required, for example, the Royal Military College at Kingston. Why should I waste any time taking three years of C.O.T.C. if I could get better training at a higher ranking institution? We come to Alberta University for far more important things than the C.O.T.C.

In the second place, you think it best that some of the boys should get a smattering of knowledge about infantry manoeuvres and machine guns so that they might have "first-hand information on how to defend themselves and their country in event of war." On the other hand one of the products of the C.O.T.C. who was interviewed by your Inquiring Reporter thought that all the training he received could be learned in one month in the advent of war. He ought to know. That we should be given the opportunity to waste our effort and the government's money on a thing like this when we have an alternative as well conducted Physical Training Course is beyond my comprehension.

A good deal is made of the point that the choice between the C.O.T.C. and P.T. is optional, but I would call your attention to certain influences favoring the army. In the meeting of Freshmen for organization of the Physical Education course, or at least in the one which I had to attend several years ago, all the candidates were first subjected to a talk on the benefits of the Officers' Training Corps and its place in the continuation of our Empire. After the harangue, those of us who wished to take P.T. instead of the army were permitted to leave, but I felt that the implied suggestion was that those of us who were still foolish enough to wish P.T. instead of C.O.T.C. might leave. I understand that this year another and not unimportant influence was added to the others—the flaunting of the brand new uniforms before the shining eyes of the Freshmen. It would have seemed only sensible to have some one of these to explain the purpose and the benefits of the course in P.T., but that was thoughtfully neglected. Some of the subjects of your Inquiring Reporter hinted at another influence when they said that the C.O.T.C. was "a swell way of getting a free pair of shoes" and that it "gives one pocket money." So far as I know, the C.O.T.C. section of Physical Education is the only University course which the students are paid to take. No wonder it's popular! In many cases the payment is just enough to swing the Freshman's decision in favor of the army.

In this crazy world it is the fashion for even unimportant countries like Canada to bear the burden of some kind of standing army as a sort of necessary evil. But this supposedly enlightened center is still silly enough to continue the practice and spend the

government's money on a course of training which is socially useless, and which could be given much better by institutions specially equipped for the purpose. In the meantime and thoroughly practical course in Physical Training is neglected. I would be in favor of putting the money used by the C.O.T.C. into new facilities for Physical Training, most important of which would be a larger gym or perhaps a swimming pool.

Yours very truly,
A. D. McTAVISH.

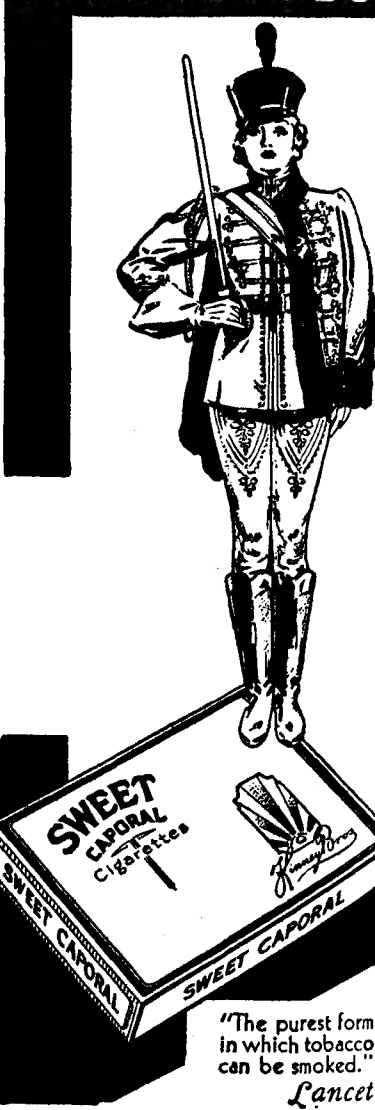
Thinkers vs. Numbers

Is there really a need for a university with an annual enrolment of 10,000? History has taught us that the greatest things have been accomplished by individuals who were thinkers. Full individual growth, special development and rounded mental effort demand room, separation from crowds, self-examination and the self-reliance which solitude gives.

Constant craving for indiscriminate company is a sure sign of mental weakness for any student. The Greater University program has never listed any advantages that a 10,000 enrolment would bring.

What benefit would come from having larger buildings and investing millions more dollars? The university is an institution to train thinkers, not a place to house the population of our state. We don't need higher enrolments. We need an opportunity to develop thinkers.—Oklahoma Daily.

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CO-ED COLUMNS

EUROPA

Robert Briffault

Robert Briffault is the son of an Edwardian French diplomat. He is a man of perhaps fifty and has given expression to his wide experience of pre-war Europe in a brilliant fin-de-siècle novel. It would be rather difficult to free the author from the suspicion of occupying himself considerably more with the scandal of the period under analysis than is quite necessary, although the book is unmistakably moral in intent. And we must admit that scandal in high life reported as brilliantly as Briffault does it makes an extremely readable book.

Perhaps the author did well to dis- the creation of the atmosphere of his pense with nothing that went toward novel, for he has been most successful in preparing us gladly to accept the cyclonic change of the war. Almost

anything, we feel, would be better than further domination by a society whose most innocent feature was its self-satisfaction.

"Europa" is a good book to read at this time. Through the drama of high life we see that callousness, privilege that makes for rapacity, a degeneracy that is a law unto itself, are like an atmospheric low-pressure area: presently there is to a greater or less degree a cyclonic inrush of a new force whose freshness and vigor create, at least for a time, the seeming of something cleaner and more healthful. We feel, for instance, that Communism is more wholesome and more just than Czardom, and that there is something of greater spiritual cleanliness in the plain living and austerity of republican necessity and regimentation than in the privilege and rapacity of imperialism.

Some of the pictures Briffault draws of pre-war society are starting. We see the Baroness Rubenstein, wife of an international financier who has more to do than most statesmen in making war, show her parvenu instincts by cheating at baccarat in the ultra palatial residence of the most degenerate and privileged of Russian princes, whose sense of honor is sensitive, apparently, only on this one point. The way in which he revenges himself upon her is melodramatic indeed, but quite convincing, and hyperpolitically sums up all that is most vicious in the period. The episode of the punishment of the Baroness Rubenstein makes unforgettable reading.

Aldous Huxley and Briffault are blood brothers. They are both greater as social critics than as novelists. Both write brilliantly and report brilliantly, but are not the creators of individuals that a really great novelist must be.

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Perhaps each is too much the moralist to be a genuine artist. There is greater entertainment in Briffault's pages than in Huxley's. That is perhaps due to the greater sweep of his field. It might also be due to the fact that we are in sympathy with at least one character in its pages. And in each the moral indictment makes something approaching a sensational novel.

Robert Briffault may be compared with Proust in so far as each works upon a complex and revealing canvas. But Briffault comes far from being the true novelist that Proust is.

—E. B. W.

Nightfall, Snow and Skiing

To ski alone is counted a sin against the sporting spirit. But I am a heretic. I go alone and I go at night.

When I opened my door tonight the flames licked the logs more greedily in the grate within—outside the dusk was converted into a mad dance of flakes. Whirled about by the snow, I wavered on the threshold, then shut myself out into the gloaming. A thud of my skis, a clump, clump of the harness, a hearty grip of my poles, and I am off!

Twilight creeps down amid the eddying flakes of snow. Snowflakes hover back upward, are sucked in by the gloom, and descend again to be lost amid their ghostly bed-fellows on the shrouded earth. The miminundo overtones of day are drowned in the crescendo of oncoming night. The night is silent, yet the very silence grows commanding. Long white boughs reach forlornly toward the cold veiled stars, ineffectually striving to rend the winding-sheet of day. Shrubs are webbed together, palms are linked to one another with the glutinous heaps of snow.

"Woe unto him who is alone when he falleth," King Solomon's warning whisked through my obdurate mind. But what did King Solomon know about skiing? The heavy boughs yielded their burdens as I brushed beneath. On to No Man's Gully! The upper half of the Gully was easy, just hard enough to loosen your muscles, raise your temperature and make you want more. Lower down two walls of blanching earth have been pushed apart to make a trough—now packed with snow and ice. The present snowy downfall was greasing the slide. I steadied my tense quivering muscles, gripped my poles and pawed the ground with a tentative foot, like a puppy which had been introduced for the first time to a slippery surface.

A swirl of loose snow, the crack of a dry twig, a sudden motivation from the unseen, and with a release of tensions, I am off on the giddy descent. As my lungs expand the banks press in. The giddy whirl of snowflakes maddens my brain at first. My skills lag behind my lunging body. They make ineffectual spurts in an attempt to overtake me. Gradually they slither under me, and the race of body and skis is reversed. On down the slippery slope. Will I fall? Oh, the ignominy (yet the secret glory) of a well placed "three point landing!"

Yes, a crisis! (But life ruins many of her most promising crises.) With a gradual swerve—intended for an open "Christie"—I came to an uneventful halt. Yes, it was a dark night; it was a steep hill—and slippery too; the snow was blinding and I was alone! Of course, it was all for the best. How lucky I was not to fall! But as I turned my tracks towards home and the crackling fire, a very small oath sneaked out between gritted teeth, and a very small frown (resulting from unpraised success, or worse, the denial of glorious failure) lurked about the corners of pursed lips. The night was dark; the hill was steep; the tracks were slippery—but why had I been alone?

—G. M.

Prom Highlights

Mort Rael's rendition of "That's What You Think" . . . the unidentified gentleman seen fixing his garter in that little grass shack . . . Queenie Jackson Bouvette laying 'em in the aisles with "Dinah" . . . Irene James and Bob Olson getting "Broadway Rhythm" . . . the removal of all the decorations before anyone had a chance to lift them . . . Madeline Austin in a red dress and Georgie's fond embrace . . . Art Thompson with that "Why was I born?" look . . . the orchids . . . Mary Slattery and Bob Anderson borrowing a car . . . and turning down a yacht . . . Margot Parsons looking lovely in white satin . . . Nan Smith going home with an elephant (we don't mean Bishop) . . . the man in the orchestra who "slapped the base" . . . Al Somebody explaining to a Pemberton the peculiarities of the side-hill gouger . . . and in return hearing about the whoopee-poo bird . . . Doris MacMillan, stunning in white and red . . . Gwen Waters and Harold Love . . . Paul Malone talking earnestly to "Mike" . . . the sighs of regret when the orchestra played "Home Sweet Home."

SANTA CLAUS

Weary of Christmas shopping with no money, no ingenuity, and irritated blisters, weighed down by the prospect of a hectic week of hard work with the inevitable failures and "let downness" of the post-exam days, we turned our thoughts to home and Christmas and that splendid and personal reality, Santa Claus. Those piebald vendors of children's toys who simulate the dress of a Santa Claus and feign intimate familiarity with expectant children just before Christmas, have the cunning of the cat and the fox mentioned in Pinnocchio. If Santa Claus were visible they would haul him before the beads for trading without a license. Santa Claus gives, he does not sell. If he were destructible they would tear him to shreds. Because he is invisible and immortal, they assume his name and violate his spirit.

Had the loss of fathers and mothers, of sisters and brothers, of sweethearts and friends ever been bold and boastful, had it ever been avaricious and cunning Santa Claus would never have been. Because this love has always been as sweet, as joyous and as silent as the hour of summer sunrise over dew-decked fields, Santa Claus comes unto us.

He comes from the land of Truth as one of its most charming messengers. He came to speak those intimate verities which no human speech can ever express. He comes invisible to the eye but beautiful to the heart. He is the spirit of kindness, that kindness which sacrifices without denial and gives without loss.

He is the halo of every heart that radiates love. In work camps, in sod huts, in lonely shacks, by bright firesides, over every cot, near all those staunch men and women who work by day or night. And he transports joy more rapidly than the radio reproduces sound.

If love ever surrenders to avarice or abandons this world, on that fateful night Santa Claus will desert us. But while love lasts, the tinkle of the bells of Santa Claus will vitalize the midnight air.

Examinations!

Am I getting good? Just now, believe it or not, I refused to go to Tuck. "I have to study," I said, and swept on. The Library was full of uninteresting people, so I made up my time-table of study. I have made up twelve others this past week, but somehow they didn't seem to work out. I threw them away. Now I'm beginning on my thirteenth. Thirteen has always been my lucky number. Invariably I'm the thirteenth at table—and I got thirteen in my last French, so here I go.

It develops I have four examinations to study for and one essay to write, all in two weeks. I'm so glad I have only one essay; really, I couldn't stand another.

Let's see. Four exams in ten days (cutting out Saturdays and Sundays), which allows two and a half days' study for each exam—but when will I get my essay done? This one won't work.

I have 40 pages in French to study and know, 60 in Ancient History, 30 in Mathematics, and 83 in Architecture, which makes 213 pages in all. If I can only do about 10 pages or so in an hour, how long will it take me? If I work on my essay which, incidentally, is "Causes of Insanity," every second morning, I may have all but the last thousand words done by a week Friday.

I find that if I arise at 6 a.m. every morning, don't take time off for breakfast or lunch, and have a bowl of soup for dinner, and work till 4 a.m. the following morning, I can pretty well make it.

If I get along without sleep I can have it all done, including that last impressive flourish in my Conclusion on Insanity.

If you think I don't need to write an essay on insanity, you just try making up twelve time-tables, and see if you can still spell Shenacadec backwards while I count ten.

RELATIVITY

(Dedicated to Micah the Misogynist, with acknowledgments for any good lines, and apologies for bad.)

There was once a nice male chicken. But his friends grew rather few—For he thought that there was nothing in the world, but what he knew.

And he always in the farmyard Had a very pleasant way Telling hens and geese and turkeys, What they ought to do and say.

He thought that cocks were wonderful, For the hens he had no use, They'd no sense of "high adventuring!" He heaped them with abuse.

"Now I wish my old, aunt Dorcas," He began to her one day, "That you wouldn't sit all summer In your nest upon the hay."

"Why not come out to the meadow Where the world is fair and free— Eggs will keep—and nests are stupid— What's an egg, to you or me?"

"What's an egg?" cried old aunt Dorcas, Can it be you do not know, You yourself were in an eggshell Just one little month ago!

And if kind wings had not warmed you You would not be out today Telling hens and geese and turkeys What they ought to do and say!"

To be so wise and show it, Is a pleasant thing, no doubt. But when a young chick talks of sexes, He should know what he's about.

If aunt Dorcas went adventuring, Could he mind the nest among the hay?

Nice young chicken, in an eggshell? That is all there is to say.

THEATRE NEWS

STRAND THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Dec. 12, 13, 14—Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler in "Shipmates Forever."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Dec. 12, 13, 14—Dolores Del Rio in "I Live For Love" and John Wayne in "Paradise Canyon."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Dec. 11, 12, 13—Paul Muni in "Black Fury" and William Warren in "Don't Bet on Blondes."

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN!

A small rug was taken from a table near the orchestra stand on Friday at the Junior Prom. This rug was very kindly loaned to the Junior Executive, and they will be held responsible for its return. Would anyone who has any knowledge as to the whereabouts of this rug please notify Reg Lister at Athabasca Hall at once.



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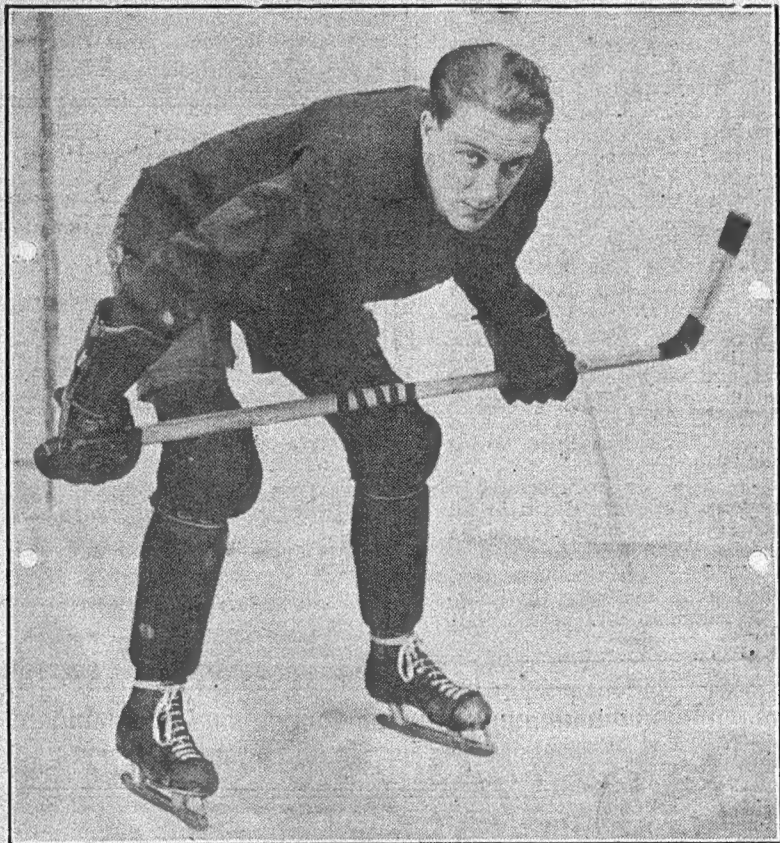
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VARSITY MEETS VEGREVILLE TONIGHT ON CAMPUS

WATCH HIM TONIGHT



JACK TALBOT

Who will be leading his Green and Gold charges in the game against Vegreville at the Varsity rink Tuesday night. Varsity's first important match of the season, the contest will get under way at 8:30 p.m.

A LEAGUE STANDING

	P.	W.	L.	P.
Engineers	3	3	0	6
Pharm-Dents	2	2	0	4
Ag-Com-Law	3	1	2	2
Arts	2	0	2	0
Meds	2	0	2	0

"SPEEDSTER"



GAY ROSS

Who is playing a large part in the steady progress being made by the women's basketball team under the direction of Jake J. Jamieson.

THIRD WIN FOR ENGINEERS

Engineers secured a firm foothold at the top of the Interfac Hockey League when they scored a shut-out victory over the Meds, beating them 1-0 Saturday afternoon.

The game was fast and furious all three periods, while Baker's work in the Engineers' goal was outstanding. Eugene MacPherson broke through for the one and only tally of the game.

Lineups: Engineers—A. Baker, A. Miller, K. Miller, A. Lees, W. Smith, J. Bergman, E. MacPherson, K. Hamilton, F. MacPherson.

Meds—G. MacLaren, L. Oatway, R. Young, J. MacClellan, G. Fortier, L. Bradley, D. Wallace, W. Johns, P. Venini.

Sporting Slants

By Hugh J. Macdonald

We must admit that Varsity's first hockey game was a bit of a let down after the fast skating and the stick-handling demonstrated in practices. However, we must allow for quite a bit, it being the first game of the year and the first time that the players have been together as a team. If Varsity can develop sufficient teamwork, the team is bound to go places.

The game tonight, Tuesday, should be well worth while. The over-anxiety that held the team back Saturday will be over with, and combination play should be developed. Strong support will give the team needed encouragement, and hockey fans are urged to take an hour off for the game.

Women's hockey is off to a bigger and better season. Their game last night showed great possibilities. Groups of he-men on the campus are challenged to practice games. Get your team lined up and be sure the application is in the hands of Mary Hewitt at an early date.

Basketball practices are going well. The team is anxiously waiting for the beginning of league games after the New Year.

ATHLETICS

Hillas Surprise Varsity

Varsity Gains First Workout of Season

Golden Bears Fail to Gain Victory in Exhibition Game Saturday

HILLAS ELECTRIC WIN BY 5-2

Varsity made their debut for 1935-36 in an exhibition game played Saturday night when they met the Hillas electric, an overtown team. Although giving a fine exhibition of fast skating and good stick-handling, Varsity failed to stage sufficient teamwork to take their first game. The game was of great benefit to Varsity, giving Coach Talbot a view of the team against opposition, and enabling him to strengthen the team's weaknesses while the season is yet young.

First Period

Play in the beginning stages of the game was ragged, both teams being over-anxious. Talbot featured in breaking up a number of dangerous plays. Hillas made the first tally when, after a scramble in front of the Varsity net, Eldridge slipped the rubber past Tallman. A few minutes later Eldridge again scored for Hillas in a scramble. The visitors were quite clearly out-playing Varsity, and when Stanners skated around Varsity defence for their third goal, things seemed to be on ice. In the dying moments of the first period Scott on a lone rush gave Varsity her first goal.

Second Period

Varsity set a fast clip in this period, which gave them the edge of the play. However, the playing was chiefly individual effort, the team refusing to function as a unit. Finish around the net held Varsity from piling up a lead. The first line of Dunlap, Fortier and Bassarab did some good work, and the second line of Scott, Lane and Woywitka starred in a number of rushes. Hillas scored once, and Varsity retaliated when Talbot scored on a pass from the corner. Score—Hillas 4, Varsity 2.

Third Period

Play was well divided in the first part of the last period, Varsity making a number of tries that just fell short of being good. Hillas counted up another goal to put them three ahead. Varsity endeavored to put on power plays, but fell short of the desired result. Tallman made several spectacular saves when Hillas broke away on long rushes.

Final score—Hillas 5, Varsity 2.

Lineups: Hillas—McClintock, goal; Romaniuk, Robertson, Laurie, defence; Eldridge, Knutson, McMillan, Walker, Stanners, Hoyle, forwards. Manager—Jack Manning.

Varsity—Tallman, goal; Talbot, Stark, Zender, defence; Fortier, Dunlap, Bassarab, Scott, Woywitka, Lane, forwards. Manager—Al Miller.

DENTS WIN 8-0

The Pharm-Dents piled up an 8 to 0 score Wednesday when the Ag-Com-Law were submerged under a barrage of goals.

Fraser, Buchanan, Moore, Coutts, Jennijohn and McCullough all notched scores for the Dents, Buchanan leading with two.

"LIGHTNIN'"



THELMA BARLEY

Enterprising member of the women's senior hockey team.

AGS WIN 5-2

In a hotly contested game immediately following the Engineers-Med tilt Saturday, the Ags defeated the Arts 5-2.

Gibson, Sharpe, Mitchell and Hardacre scored for the Ags, while Cruickshank and Reuter scored for the Arts.

JOKE

A fairly humorous incident happened to Hugh John Macdonald, editor of the Tuesday Gateway sport page.

Covering the game at the rink Saturday night, H. John managed to sprain his ankle. He is now reclining with the greatest of ease in the infirmary, and very cleverly has managed to pass responsibility for this page on to other shoulders.

He likes pansies and co-eds.

GRADETTES SWAMP CO-EDS IN EXHIBITION GAME

Displaying top-notch form, the Gradettes took an easy game from Varsity Co-eds last Thursday night at McDougall gym.

The Varsity team, playing their first game on a strange floor, was completely disorganized by the close checking, fast-breaking Gradettes.

The Gradettes hit their stride from the first whistle, and with every play clicking right from the tip-off, swept through the Varsity defense for counters at the rate of two a minute.

The final score was 83-15.

The co-eds encountered stronger opposition than they had expected in their first game, but hope to cut down the wide margin when they return for the match on their home floor after Christmas.

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